

Bottom of the River

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Bottom of the River

by [J3llySl0th](#)

Summary

It's a long way down to the bottom of the river...

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chains rattled and footsteps carried a steady beat towards the Province River. The Sheriff lead the pack, behind him the chained Good sisters. The youngest, Greta, began to hum. Her sisters on either side followed, Juliette on the lowest, Bethany on the highest. Before the Sheriff could snap at them to cease, Greta began to sing:

"If you get sleep or if you get none,
The cock's gonna call in the morning, baby
And check the cupboard for your daddy's gun
Red sun rises like an early warning"

Her sisters joined in:

"The Lord's gonna come for your first born son
His hair's on fire and his heart is burning
So go to the river where the water runs
Wash him deep where the tides are turning
And if you fall
And if you fall"

Their voices resounded along the river bank as the lawmen tied the women to crosses:

"Hold my head
Ooh, baby, it's a long way down to the bottom of the river
Hold my head
Ooh, baby, it's a long way down, a long way down
The wolves will chase you by the pale moonlight
Drunk and driven by a devil's hunger"

They were screaming now:

"Drive your son like a railroad spike
Into the water, let it pull him under
Don't you lift him, let him drown alive
The good Lord speaks like a rolling thunder
Let that fever make the water rise
And let the river run dry"

There were no more words spoken, just screams of fury and horror. As the crowd unceremoniously flung each woman into the river, their voices bubbled until they reached the bottom.

The Sheriff huffed, "Just some witch's tale, trying to scare us." He looked to his trembling wife, "Right, Dolly?" Poor Dolly was almost tempted to believe the sister's tale, fearing for her newborn child. "I don't know, John, it was awful scary."

A week later, the Sheriff woke to scream from Dolly, coming from baby Jedediah's nursery. The boy was soaking wet, blue in the face, and not breathing. His beginnings of auburn curls were singed clean off. The couple rushed their son to the town doctor, who pronounced him

dead on the spot. After some examination, they found his lungs were filled with water and his heart had second-degree burns. The death was ruled a tragic accident. The grief left Dolly unable to bear more children.

Driven by paranoia, the Sheriff ordered for the bodies of the Good sisters to be taken from the river and staked. All men who attempted to exhume the bodies drowned, the river was too deep and the tied bodies too heavy. That night, he went on a "hunting trip", as he told his wife, to take the women himself. In spite of the howling wind, the Sheriff took the walk to the Province River, wooden stake in hand. Only the moon and occasional streetlamp lit the way. The river was surrounded by trees and thick underbrush, making it difficult for even the most skilled hunters to tread. A rustle blew past the Sheriff's ear, but he brushed it off as the wind in the trees. The smell of blood and wet fur grazed his nose, but he still payed no mind. It wasn't until he saw silver eyes piercing his soul that he knew what it was. He stood in place, pointing his stake and slowly reaching to his side. But no gun laid on his hip. A deep snarl gave way to blinding speed. There was no time to fight back before the Sheriff's bloodied body was dragged into the river.

In the Province River, at the deepest point, right where the tides shift, are four bodies. Sheriff John Jenkins is a picked-clean skeleton, half buried in the silt. Sisters Greta, Juliette, and Bethany Good, however, remain as fresh as the day they were thrown. Their pitch-black hair still flows with the tides, their eyes still glow with an eerie white light, their bindings are coming loose. Time will catch up with everything around them, and their bodies shall never move from the bottom of the river.

End Notes

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